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NO. 45
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Captain Marvel

ADVENTURES
10¢



**CAPTAIN MARVEL
MEETS A NEW VILLAIN**

**OGGAE, THE
WORLD'S MIGHTIEST
IMMORTAL**

*An Exciting New Series
Begins in Issue!*

Captain Marvel Adventures 61
Billy Batson Scans, 09/04/2005

Front cover to CMA 61

The Red Cross needs donations for
Hurricane Katrina Disaster relief



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An Exciting New Serial
Begin It Now!

Captain Marvel Adventures 61

- Billy Batson scans, 09/04/2005

Inside front cover to CMA 61.

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To help us maintain high stand-
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ALL THE POWERS OF THE GREAT-
EST AGES IN THE HISTORY OF THE
WORLD HAVE BEEN GATHERED
TOGETHER AND PLACED IN
THE HANDS OF THE BOY
REPORTER, BILLY BATSON.

WHEN HE PRONOUNCES THE
MAGIC OF THE ANCIENT WIZARD
SHAZA! HE BECOMES IN A
SPLORING FLASH OF LIGHTNING
THE GREAT CAPTAIN MARVEL!
THEN WHEN BILLY IS DEFEATED
AND JUSTICE AGAIN ESTABLISHED,
MARVEL REPEATS THE WORD
AND CHANGES BACK TO BILLY
ONCE MORE. NO AMAZING IS
THE CHANGE THAT MOST
PEOPLE NEVER EVEN REALIZE
WHAT HAS HAPPENED!



CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES PRESENTS AN EXCITING NEW SERIAL!



Episode 1
**CAPT. MARVEL MEETS OGGAR
AND HIS CULT OF THE CURSE!**

also

"CAPT. MARVEL and the
SLEEPER AWAKES"

"CAPT. MARVEL and the
WHIRLING DRAWBRIDGE"

"CAPT. MARVEL and the
MENTAL MONSTER"

added attractions

CAPT. KID
DOPEY DANNY DEE
IGHTWAD TAD

and

"THE LAST" FIGHT"
on action crammed
short story!

SPECIAL!

ANOTHER THRILLING ANNOUNCEMENT FOR CLUB MEMBERS!

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Captain MARVEL in THE SLEEPER AWAKES!



WE ALL KNOW THE STORY OF POOR BILLY WHOLE, WHO SLEPT FOR TWENTY YEARS! BUT WHAT OF TOM TITTLE WHO HAS SLEPT FOR TWO HUNDRED YEARS, TWO LONG CENTURIES? HE ARRIVES IN A NEW WORLD OF MANY STRANGE THINGS, NOT THE LEAST OF WHICH IS CAPT. MARVEL, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL!

BILLY BAYSON, BOY NEWSBREADER OF STATION WWT, JOINS SOME OF HIS FRIENDS IN A PICNIC OUT IN THE WOODS!



OHAY, HERE'S A NICE SPOT! LET'S ENJOY THE FOOD! 'til somebody!







THAT LITTLE BOX!
IT'S GIVIN' OUT MUSIC!
IT'S MAGIC!

WHY, THAT'S ONLY
THE RADIO!



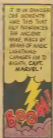
WITCHCRAFT!
THAT'S WHAT IT IS!
I'LL CRUSH IT
TO BITS!



YOU ARE ALL WITCHES
DECEIVED AS CHILDREN,
THAT'S WHAT YOU
ARE!

HOLY MOLEY!
HE'S GOING AWAY!
I'D BETTER GO...
SHAZAM!

HELP!
OH, DEAR!



IT IS IN DANGER
OF MOMENTS
LIKE THIS THAT
HELY POWENCES
BEP ANCHOR
HALL, WEDS BY
WINDS OF MAGIC
LIGHTNING
CHANGES HIM TO
SIGHTY, CAPT.
MARVEL!

BOOM!



WOOE, WITCHCRAFT!
THE BIG RED DEMON
JUST APPEARED IN A
FLASH OF LIGHTNING!
WHELP! I'M IN THE
HANDS OF
HORRIBLE
WITCHES!

NOW WHAT,
CUTLER?
CALM
DOWN!



WE ARE NOT WITCHES! DIDN'T
YOU EVER HEAR OF A RADIO AND
OF CAPT. MARVEL? WHAT YEAR
DO YOU THINK THIS IS,
ANYWAY?

WHY, MARVEL, 1750
NATCHALLY!



THE ASTOUNDING TRUTH COMES OUT!

I FULL
WOLDED ON
AUGUST 9,
1750!

HOLY MOLEY! HE'S BEEN
ASLEEP FOR ALMOST
TWO HUNDRED
YEARS!

CAPTAIN MARVEL





HOW HOW DO YOU MAKE YOURSELF?

GOOD, BY GAWD! THAT'S JUST THE WAY I LARGED BECAUSE I FELL ASLEEP AND DROPPED THAT LONG BEARD!



GELP! WHY WANTS THAT THING POSSIBLE MACHINE MOVING DOWN 'N' STREET?

WHY, THAT'S JUST A CAR!



WITCHCRAFT!

HOW! MOLLY! NEED NO BOSS ADAM!

HEY!



WHY, YOU OLD HANNAK, FU... GURWWW!

GRADN, MISTER! IT HAVT HIS PART! CHANGE THE DAMAGED TO BLUE BATSON AT STATION WAG!



STOP IT, YOU OLD FOOL! THIS IS JUST A MODERN INVENTION LIKE A HORSE AND Buggy... BUT WITHOUT THE HORSE! UNDERSTAND?

IT ISN'T MAGIC!



NO! AND DON'T YOU FELL THAT WITCHCRAFT STUFF AGAIN! IT'S A JOB KEEPING YOU IN HAND! COME ON, WE'LL SEE IF THEY HAVE ANY RECORDS ABOUT YOU IN CITY HALL!



HAVE YOU ANY RECORD AT ALL OF THOMAS TITTLE OF 1760?

YEP, HERE'S AN OLD RECORD OF HIM!

CAPTAIN MARVEL

THAT IF YOU ALL WANT THE BLOOD MONEY YOU DISAPPEARED? NOW YOU KNOW THAT YOU WANDERED INTO THE WOODS AND WILL BE LEFT FOR TWO HUNDRED YEARS!



YOUR WIFE AND CHILDREN MUST ALL BE DEAD AND BURIED NOW. BUT SOME GREAT CHILDREN COULD BE ARISE! WE'LL LOOK THEM UP AND YOU CAN FIND A HOME WITH THEM ...!



AND I DON'T WANT CHARITY! ONLY I JUST HAPPENED TO THINK I HAD A BANK ACCOUNT IN THE MID-TOWN BANK IS THAT BANK STILL IN BUSINESS?

SURE! HOLD IT IS - LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR ACCOUNT!



I HAD A FEW HUNDRED DOLLARS IN THE BANK - IT ISN'T MUCH, BUT IT'LL HELP!

DO YOU HAVE AN ACCOUNT FOR THOMAS TUTTLE BACK IN 1930?

YES! HERE IT IS AMONG THE UNCLAIMED ACCOUNTS!



GOOD HEAVENS! THAT MONEY HAS BEEN OUTRAGED COMPOUND INTEREST FOR TWO HUNDRED YEARS! THE AMOUNT HAS GROWN TO \$1,357,000.00!

HOW MUCKY! OVER A MILLION DOLLARS!



WHAT? I'M RICH!

THIS MAN IS TOM TUTTLE HIMSELF, ALIVE AFTER TWO HUNDRED YEARS! I DREAM HE CAN COLLECT THE MONEY! HERE'S HIS RECORD!

YES! WE HAVE TO PAY HIM! IT'S ALL LEGAL!



AND SO THE MAN WHO WAS BLEST FOR TWO HUNDRED YEARS WAS AWAKENED INTO MODERN WEALTH!



WHEE!

I'M RICH! I'LL TAKE THE MOST EXPENSIVE WITH A BIG HOTEL AND LIVE LIKE A KING!

LUCKY MAN! YOU'LL ONLY HAD A SECOND-CAST TO MAKE!

CAPTAIN MARVEL

POW! THE STORY OF CAPTAIN MARVEL HAS COME TRUE! A MAN, NAMED TOM TUTTLE, WAS SLEPT FOR TWO HUNDRED YEARS, SINCE 1790! HE IS AWAKE TODAY, AND HAS JUST COLLECTED A SMALL BANK-ACCOUNT THAT GROW THROUGH THE LONG YEARS, INTO A MILLION DOLLAR!

THAT NIGHT, BILLY BEARS THE OLD CLASSIC.

I'M GOING TO READ THIS OLD STORY OVER AGAIN! IT'S SO MUCH LIKE TOM TUTTLE AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM!

HOLY MOLEY! I JUST NOTICED SOMETHING IN THIS BOOK, AND IT MEANS THAT TOM TUTTLE... HOLY MOLEY I'VE GOT TO SEE HIM RIGHT AWAY!

WHAT STRANGE THOUGHT HAS COME TO BILLY?

MEANWHILE, AT THE HOTEL, WHERE THE MODERN CAPTAIN MARVEL STAYS, A VISITOR CALLS:

HELLO THERE, GREAT GREAT GREAT GRANDFATHER TUTTLE!

WHY I DON'T KNOW YOU!

OF COURSE YOU WOULDN'T KNOW ME! BUT I'M BILLY TUTTLE, AND I'M YOUR GREAT GRANDSON FOUR TIMES REMOVED! AS SOON AS I HEARD OF YOU COMING ALIVE, DEAR GRANDFATHER, I CAME TO SEE YOU!

OH... HELLO, GREAT GRANDSON! BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT?

YOUR LIFE, DEAR GREAT GRANDFATHER! YOU HAVE A MILLION DOLLARS! IF YOU DO, IT'LL GO TO ME, YOUR DIRECT DESCENDANT!

HELP! HE'S GOING TO MURDER ME!

HOLY MOLEY! SHAZAM!

ONCE AGAIN BUBBIE LIGHTING HEADS THE APPEARANCE OF THE WORLD'S MOST WANTED SERIAL!



"NO YOU DON'T, AND I"



"GUS!"

"IN THE HOTEL DETECTIVE! WHAT GOOD ON MURDER?"



"BOOK THIS MAN FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER!"

"WHOW! THANKS CAPT MARVEL! HE WAS GOING TO MURDER ME AND COLLECT MY MONEY! MY DESCENDANTS WERE TO BE... FORTY DUMPY PEOPLE."

"YES! BUT TITTLE, I JUST READ THE STORY OF RIP VAN WINKLE, AND I NOTICED ONE INTERESTING THING!"



"GET AT THAT MOMENT, MORE PEOPLE DOOM!"

"GREAT GRANDFATHER TITTLE! WE HEARD ABOUT YOU OVER THE RADIO! NOW NEED TO FIND YOU ALIVE!"

"HOLY MOLLY! MURDER DELAYED!"



"GOOD HEAVENS! HOW MANY FORTY-DUMPS DO I HAVE?"

"WELL LET'S GO COUNTING BOTH SIDES OF THE FAMILY DOWN TO FIFTY COUSINS, THESE ARE 999 OF 'EM! A FAMILY EXPANDS FORTY NINE IN TWO HUNDRED YEARS, YOU KNOW, DEAR GREAT GRANDFATHER!"



"DEAR, DEAR GREAT GREAT-DADDY! YOU'LL REMEMBER ME IN YOUR WILL WOULDN'T YOU?"

"YOUR SHARE WOULD BE FORTY GREAT GRANDFATHER!"

"GO! JUST A BUNCH OF MONEY GRABBERS ER?"





GET ALL OF YOU! HE LEAVE ALL MY MONEY TO CHARITY, AND NOT ONE PENNY TO YOU WRETCHED!



IT SEEMS ALL THE DESCENDANTS OF THE TUTTLE FAMILY ARE WORTHLESS NO-GOODS!

YES, AREN'T THEY?



ACCUSING YOU! YOU'RE NOT OLD TOM TUTTLE, MY FRIEND! YOU'RE A FAKE!

WHY, WHY, WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT PROOF HAVE YOU?



BEHOLD! WHEN WE FIRST MET? YOU SAID THAT YOU WERE LIKE BIP VAN WINKLE! BUT THE STORY OF BIP VAN WINKLE, BY WASHINGTON JONES, WASN'T WRITTEN UNTIL AFTER 1890! HOW COULD YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT STORY BEFORE IT WAS WRITTEN?

8-8-88!
I'M GONE!



I'LL SAY YOU ARE! YOU BRAG YOU WERE IN PHOENIX 1941, YOUR SON TUTTLE ALL RIGHT, BUT OF 1944, NOT 1941! FIFTY EIGHT? YOU LOOKED UP THE RECORD AND SAW THAT YOUR GREAT-GRANDFATHER, TOM TUTTLE, HAD DISAPPEARED! IT WAS A PERFECT SET-UP FOR THE BIP VAN WINKLE SWindle!



AND YOU KNOW THAT HE HAD AN UNCLAIMED ACCOUNT IN THE BANK? SO YOUR SCHEMING WAS TO PRETEND YOU WERE OLD TOM TUTTLE, SLEEPING TWO HUNDRED YEARS, AND NOW WAITING UP TO COLLECT A CHECK FOR A MILLION DOLLARS!

OHAY, I CONFESS! IT ALMOST HOOKED TOO!



YES, IT ALMOST HOOKED FOLKS, BUT TOM TUTTLE WILL NOW SPEND A LOT OF TIME IN JAIL! IT WAS SUCH A SIMPLE LITTLE TRICK THAT TRIPPED HIM UP! HE JUST FORGOT THAT HE WASN'T SUPPOSED TO KNOW THE STORY OF BIP VAN WINKLE!

CAPTAIN
MIDHAS NO
EYE
FOR
FACES!

COME ON IN, CAPTAIN MID.

OKAY.

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME
YOU'VE BEEN IN
MY HOUSE.
ISN'T IT?YES,
THAT'S
RIGHT.HEY, MARY'S
THAT UGLY
LOOKING GIRL?THAT'S
MY
SISTER!I DON'T MEAN THAT ONE, I
MEAN THE OLD
BATTLESHIP
NEXT TO HER.THAT HAPPENS
TO BE
MY
MOTHER!GOSH EXCUSE ME, I'M
SORRY....WELL, YOU
OUGHT TO
BE.... I SHOULD HAVE NOTICED
THE FAMILY RESEMBLANCE!

IT'S A **KNOCKOUT!**

WANTED:
ONE MILLION REWARDS TO BE PAID TO ANYONE WHO CAN IDENTIFY CAPT. MARVEL. C.I.U. MEMBER OF THE WORLD TODAY!

SEND THE COLOR IN NOW!

CAPTAIN MARVEL
20 West Falmouth Ave. Orleans, Mass.

Dear Captain Marvel:

Please enroll me as a member of the growing CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB. I would like to get in on things to cover the cost of buying this. I understand that I can be receive my CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB CARD, which contains the secret code, and the CAPTAIN MARVEL membership outfit along with many other surprises.

Name _____ Age _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State No. _____ Zone _____

Please be sure that your request to trial our company so that your membership will not be held up!

KNOWN AS "THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE" IN BROOKLYN, DIXIE WAS ALSO THE CHOICE OF THE NEW YORK BASEBALL WRITERS AS "PLAYER OF THE YEAR" IN 1944—WHEN HE WON THE BATTING CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

HE'S A GREAT GUY!

HE'S A CHAMPION!

SAY UNCLE!

DIXIE MODERS THEM GIANTS!

A CLUTCH SLUGGER, DIXIE HAS RUN-BATTED-IN CHAMPION OF THE SENIOR CIRCUIT IN 1945. TO THE DELIGHT OF THE BROOKLYNITES HE HITS HIS BEST AGAINST THEIR ARCH RIVAL, THE NEW YORK GIANTS

"TALK ABOUT POPULARITY," SAYS DIXIE WALKER, "I'M VOTING ALL-TIME HONORS TO WHEATIES. THEY'RE THE BREAKFAST TIME FAVORITES I KNOW—AND THEY'RE MY FAVORITES, TOO. WHEATIES SOLID NUTRIMENT AND GRAND FLAVOR MAKE THEM MY CHOICE FOR STARTING BREAKFAST ABOUT SUREY MORNING OF THE YEAR"

WHEATIES IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF WHEATIES, INC., CHICAGO, ILL.
General Mills, Inc.



THEY'RE A SURE WINNER!



Dixie
WALKER

BROOKLYN'S FAVORITE SON IS A BIG HIT WHICHEVER THE DOGGERS PLAY



WANT TO BE A CHAMPION?

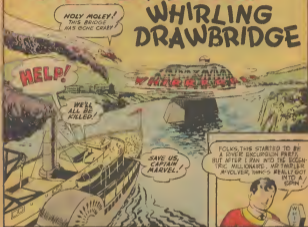
GET YOUR WHEATIES BOOK!



THERE'S REAL INSIDE DOGS ON LEARNING TO HIT LIKE A BIG LEAGUER IN WHEATIES NEW BOOK, "WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION?" SAYS DIXIE WALKER. SEE BACK OF YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE FOR INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET YOUR COPY

Captain MARVEL and the

WHIRLING DRAWBRIDGE



HOLY MOLEY!
THIS BRIDGE
HAS GONE CRAZY!

HELP!

WE'LL
ALL BE
KILLED!

SAVE US,
CAPTAIN
MARVEL!

FOLKS, THIS STARTED TO BE
A RIVER EXCURSION PARTY,
BUT AFTER I RAN INTO THE SOGGY-
TRIC MILLIONAIRE, MR TWIRLER
REVOLVER, THING'S REALLY GOT
INTO A
SPIN!



EVERYTHING IS
FIXED UP FORWARD,
BILLY! NOW ARE
YOU COMING?

WE'RE ALL SET BACK
HERE! I WAVE JUST
TIME FOR A TEAL SUN
BY ONE BY INTERVIEW
WITH MR. REVOLVER!



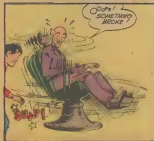
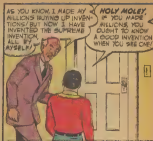
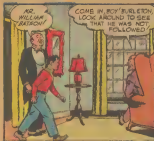
YOU'VE DONE A GREAT JOB,
FELLOW! THE KIDS WILL HAVE
A CIRCUS RIDING UP THE RIVER
IN THIS OLD RELIC!



MAKE EVERYTHING
FAST, WILL YOU?
I'M LATE FOR MY
APPOINTMENT NOW!



YUP, I'M ONLY A COUPLE
OF MINUTES LATE! SAY,
THIS IS SOME RAMSCON
MR TWIRLER REVOLVER HAS!







IN THE STUDIO OF STATION WHIZ, BILLY BRISON QUICKLY PREPARES HIS DAILY NEWSCAST...

I THINK I'LL RANDOM INVOLVER'S REVOLVING ROCKING CHAIR! I'LL ADD A BIT OF HANGAR TO MY NEWS!



BILLY'S BROADCAST REACHED ONE OF THE FINE, NO COLLIER PUFFER, PRESIDENT OF THE M. D. & O. RAILROAD!

I'VE GOT IT! I'VE GOT IT! THE INVENTION THAT WILL MAKE ME ALL RICH!

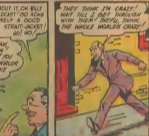
WHAT? A REVOLVING, ROCKING CHAIR? NO NO INVOLVER, AT LAST YOU'VE BLOWN A FUSE!

I HEARD ALL ABOUT IT ON BILLY BRISON'S BROADCAST! DO AGAIN AND GET YOURSELF A GOOD POCOE! OR A STRAIT-JACKET!

NO! THAT BRISON DID AGAIN, BUT I'LL FIX HIM! I'LL FIX YOU! YOU CAN'T TREAT PUFFER INVOLVER LIKE A HUT!

NO! NO!

THEY THINK I'M CRAZY! BUT YOU I GET THROUGH WITH THEM! THEY'LL THINK THE WHOLE WORLD'S CRAZY!



THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT FOOL PUFFER, AND HIS RAILROAD! NOW FOR THE KID!



AND THAT TAKES CARE OF BRISON! IN A MOMENT, I AM, EVEN IN REVENGE!









"PEPSI" THE PEPSI-COLA COP





SAYS A MOUTHFUL!



WHY DON'T YOU USE THE OTHER STRAW?

THIS ONE'S NOT EMPTY YET!



WAIT A MINUTE! DOES THIS PACKAGE BELONG TO YOU? THE NAME IS OBLITERATED!

NO, THAT CAN'T BE MINE. MY NAME IS DANNY DEE!



TAKE A LOOK, MAYBE IT IS FOR YOU!

I CAN'T SEE A THING WITHOUT MY EYE GLASSES!



WELL, PUT 'EM ON!

I CAN'T! I LOST THEM AND I CAN'T LOOK FOR THEM UNTIL I FIND THEM!



I'LL READ IT FOR YOU. IT'S FROM A TOOTH-PASTE COMPANY!

THAT AIN'T MINE! I NEVER SENT FOR NO TOOTH-PASTE. NONE OF MY TEETH ARE LOOSE!

**TIGHTWAD TAD**
SICK OF IT ALL

HOW DO YOU FEEL, TIGHTWAD?

TERRIBLE. I'M A VERY SICK MAN.



SHALL I CALL A DOCTOR?

NO, YOU HELP ME GET WELL AND I'LL GIVE YOU A HUNDRED DOLLARS



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER...

YOU CAN GET OUT OF BED TODAY, TIGHTWAD. YOU'RE FULLY RECOVERED.

I DO FEEL WELL



YOU OWE ME A HUNDRED DOLLARS.

WHAT FOR?



WHEN YOU WERE SICK YOU SAID YOU WOULD GIVE ME A HUNDRED DOLLARS IF I HELPED YOU GET WELL.

I DID! WELL THAT SHOWS YOU



...HOW SICK I WAS!

No Wonder "Speed" Sanders'
First Pair of Ball-Band
Canvas Sport Shoes
Hangs with His Trophies!

THEY HELPED HIM TO STABDOM



I'VE BEEN SAYING
EVERY PLAYING
WOMAN HAS TO USE BALL-BAND

THEY'VE HELPED HIM
TO STABDOM
EVERY PLAYING
WOMAN HAS TO USE BALL-BAND

EVERY PLAYING WOMAN HAS TO USE BALL-BAND



I'VE FOUND THE BEST
SHOES TO BUY FOR
MY FEET AND MY
FEELING

IT'S THE ONLY
SHOES THAT
DON'T GIVE ME
BLISTERS

THEY'VE HELPED HIM TO STABDOM



THEY'VE HELPED HIM
TO STABDOM



THEY'VE HELPED HIM
TO STABDOM



HE WAS THE BEST
EVERY PLAYING
WOMAN HAS TO USE BALL-BAND



EVERY PLAYING WOMAN HAS TO USE BALL-BAND



THEY'VE HELPED HIM
TO STABDOM

EVERY PLAYING WOMAN HAS TO USE BALL-BAND

EVERY PLAYING WOMAN HAS TO USE BALL-BAND

1. THE BALL-BAND IS THE ONLY SHOE THAT'S MADE FOR THE FEET.
2. BALL-BAND IS THE ONLY SHOE THAT'S MADE FOR THE FEET.
3. BALL-BAND IS THE ONLY SHOE THAT'S MADE FOR THE FEET.
4. BALL-BAND IS THE ONLY SHOE THAT'S MADE FOR THE FEET.
5. BALL-BAND IS THE ONLY SHOE THAT'S MADE FOR THE FEET.
6. BALL-BAND IS THE ONLY SHOE THAT'S MADE FOR THE FEET.
7. BALL-BAND IS THE ONLY SHOE THAT'S MADE FOR THE FEET.

EVERY PLAYING WOMAN HAS TO USE BALL-BAND



BALL-BAND

MADE IN U.S.A. - BALL-BAND IS THE ONLY SHOE THAT'S MADE FOR THE FEET.

Capt. MARVEL

and the MENTAL MONSTER!

ON YOUR TOES, MEN! THE MONSTER IS RIGHT AROUND HERE!



BILLY BATHON, MY NEWCASTER OF STATION WXYZ, MAKES HIS WAY ALONG THE COAST.

MR. ROBERT, MY BOSS, IS SPENDING HIS VACATION AT A SEASHORE RESORT. HE WANTED ME TO SPEND A WEEK-END WITH HIM.











NO SIGN OF THE BEAST!
IT MUST HAVE
GONE AWAY
RAPIDLY!



JABBER!

GET! I TOLD YOU
THAT I WAS A
MONSTER! I WAS
KEEPING BEARDS
IN MY ROOM, AND I SAID
IT SHOWED ANY! IT
CARE JUST THIS WAY!



AAA! TRACKS! IT MUST HAVE
A LINE AROUND HERE SOME-
WHERE! I'LL TRACK IT
DOWN!

TRACKS!
GASP!



COMING ALONG, JABBER?

EE--ULP-- NO!
YOU MISSED IT,
CAPT. MARVEL!



OH SHUCKS! THE
TRACKS GO UP ON THOSE
ROCKS. NOW! THAT
KILLS THE LEAD!



DID YOU--
EE--FIND
THE
MONSTER?

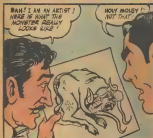
NO, THE
TRACKS ENDED,
BUT I'LL GET
HIM SOONER
OR LATER!



NOW GET BACK TO BED,
EVERYBODY! I'LL STAY
ON GUARD FOR THE
REST OF THE NIGHT.

THANK HEAVEN!
I FEEL
SAFE NOW.







W. WHAT IS HE DOING IN THERE?

MAYBE HE'S FOUND THE MONSTER!



YEEK!

HERE COMES THE--
THE MONSTER!



OUT OF THE STABLE-HOUSE HOLDS A BROWN FORM OF HORROR



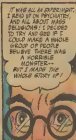
HELP!

SAVE ME!



SAVE ME!
DON'T LET THE MONSTER GET ME! I DON'T KNOW THERE WAS A MONSTER AT ALL!

OH? BUT YOU WERE THE ONE, JUDGE WHO FIRST AD-
FERED THE MONSTER.



IT WAS ALL AN ACCIDENT. I READ UP ON PSYCHICS, AND ALL ABOUT MASS BELIEFIONS! I DECIDED TO TRY AND SEE IF I COULD MAKE A WHOLE GROUP OF PEOPLE BELIEVE THERE WAS A HORRIBLE MONSTER-- BUT I MADE THE WHOLE STORY UP!



BUT NOW THERE'S A REAL MONSTER! WHEN I SAW THE BITS OF FUR AND SCALES AND THINGS, I KNEW IT REALLY EXISTED! IT'S COMING TO GET ME!
SAVE ME!

MR. MOSES STANDS BREATHELESS IN FRIGHT, AS THE HORRIBLE GRAPPY ADVANCES!

GASP!
OH!!

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE,
MR. MOSES! GET
THIS THING OFF MY
NEAR, WILL YOU?

CAPT. MARVEL!

OF COURSE! WHO DO
YOU THINK I WAS,
THE MONSTER?

I SPILLED OVER
A PAL OF
OIL, IN THE
STABLE-HOUSE.
THEN A PILE
OF STEAK FEEL
ON ME, AND
THAT MOOSE-
HEAD TOO.

THEY TALKED
NO MONSTER
AT ALL!
JAGGER WAS
POUNING ALL THE
TIME, TRYING
TO GET US
ALL TO BELIEVE
THERE WAS
A MONSTER!

I SHOULD HAVE
KNOWN, JAGGER!
I NEVER CAUGHT
A GURPSE OF
YOUR MONSTER!
YOUR EXPERIMENT
ALMOST WORKED,
AND NEARLY
DROVE EVERYONE
CRAZY WITH
FEAR! I
DON'T DO...

I'VE BEEN
POUNGED ENOUGH,
CAPT. MARVEL!
I GOT TO BE
LIVING IN THE
MONSTER WORLD,
BEFORE I WAS
TORNED! I SUP-
PERED AS MUCH
AS ANYONE ELSE,
AND I REASONED
IT!

OH WELL, NO HARM DONE!
AS FOR THOSE TRACKS, WE
ALL FORGOT THAT COWS
GRAZE AROUND HERE! THE
BITS OF FUR AND HOOR
HERE FROM COWS TOO.
THE SCALES WERE FROM SOME
FISH COOKED FOR A MEAL! THE
MONSTER WAS ALL IN
OUR IMAGINATIONS
ALL THE TIME!

WAIT! IF THAT'S
SO-- WHAT
HAPPENED TO
JENKINS, THE
MAN WHO
WISHED?

THERE'S THE ANSWER-- HE'S A
SLEEPWALKER! WELL, THAT
EXPLAINS EVERYTHING! AND THE
LOOKS ON ME! FOR THE FIRST
TIME, I'VE CAUGHT AND INCORPORATED
A SERVICE THAT NEVER
EXISTED
AT ALL!

ZZZZZ



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THE LAST FIGHT

BY JOSEPH MILLARD

SAM BEARSE, the promoter, moved his fat hands on the desk-top. "Well, well! So it's Paul Mason, back from the army and ready to get into the fight game again."

Paul looked out the window. "Only once, Sam. I need one more fight. That'll be my last fight. Then I'm through. But I want a good one. I want to fight the champ."

Sam's head snapped up. "You don't want much, do you? What makes you think the champ'll fight you? You were pretty good at one time—but never good enough to take the champ. Now I can get you a match with Sullivan or Kates or..."

"Quit stalling," Paul said and some of the old fire was in his voice. "The champ'll meet me and you know it. With so many of the boys away in the army there aren't many good fighters to pick from. My name is still worth a good gate. He needs the money the same as I do."

Sam's eyes were shrewd. "You don't figure you can whip the champ, do you? You were never that good, kid. You were a showy fighter and you gave the crowd its money's worth. I'll admit. But you never had what it takes to hit the top."

Paul looked down at his hands and shoved them into the pockets of his new service

to hide their trembling. "No, I don't figure on the title, Sam. I figure on fifteen hundred dollars for putting up a good fight. That's all I want out of this go. You know I'll earn it, Sam. I always have."

Sam stood up. "You'll earn it, kid. You were never a quitter—except when it came to that last drive that might have put you on top. You never quite had that in you, but you fight good. I'll see the champ this afternoon. It can be arranged."

Outside Paul walked down the street without seeing it. His mind was turned inward, hearing again Sam's blunt words. You were never a quitter—except in the last drive. He thought bitterly. I could have made the top now, if Mac were here.

His mind went to the coral stall in the South Pacific where Mac, his buddy, slept under a white wooden cross. Funny how it had worked out. They'd pulled together through all the bitter fighting days and Mac had seen through him into his heart. Mac had cut aside the sham and the here and given it to him straight.

"You can do anything you set your heart on, kid," Mac had told him. "A thing worth fighting for is worth winning. You can win any fight if you'll believe in yourself."

MAC DID something to him, gave him strength and nerve and the will to see a fight through it. Was because of Mac that he had seen the silver star in blazing action. Now Mac was dead and his words were just echoes in an empty heart.

He thought, if Mac were here to spur me on I'd beat the champ. I'd quit the fight game on top instead of an also-ran. But Mac is gone so I'll be the old Paul, content to be second. Nobody, not even Sue, can spur me the way Mac did. He had something. The thought of Mac reminded him that he had promised his buddy someday to look up Mac's younger brother and get acquainted. Well, he was too busy now but sometime later.

He hadn't meant to fight again, ever. Through the long days in the Army he had figured out how little a man gained from the ring. And he'd figured out a nice little business for himself, a business he could get somewhere in. He'd marry Sue and settle down. The trouble was, his business would take money, more than his mistering out pay. So he had agreed to one more fight—one more almost win. One more selling himself down the river.

He went into furious training the next day. His old hand-diers were glad to see him. They took him to a nearby camp and put him over the hurdles. The Army had hardened and toughened him incredibly. After a few days he began to feel he was twice the

man he had ever been before.

"Stop talking about losing as though it were all you wanted," Sue told him sharply. "You could finish on top if you'd let yourself. You could take the champ—if you'd only believe it."

And Paul shook his head. "It's a nice thought, I'd like it. But why build hopes that'll only tumble down? I'm not that good. I'm fighting for fifteen hundred, and that little business."

"This Mac you talked so much about," Sue said shrewdly. "He wouldn't have liked to hear that, would he? Mac would have goaded you into going after the crown."

"But Mac's gone," Paul said. "Whatever Mac could have done is water over the dam. Forget it."

The day of the fight grew closer. Sam saw that the match was well advertised and the reserved sales rolled in. One day Sam strolled over to the ropes after Paul had finished a break round with his sparring partner.

"Too bad you can't raise your sights, kid," Sam said. "Would you believe it, the house is sold out. We're going to try to get switched to Madison Square so we won't have to turn away money. Your fifteen hundred is safe. The champ is due to clear maybe fifteen grand from his end."

"Fifteen hundred is what I need," Paul said sharply and turned away. But that night he did not sleep well.

The day before the fight he phoned Sue a dozen times but she was out. Surely she would come to see him before the match. But at prelim time she had still not showed up and a gnawing worry crept into Paul's mind. Had she given him up in disgust? Was the championship and its big money so important to her that their own dreams and plans faded before it?

Bitterly he submitted to the final checkup, the weighing in, the inspection. He answered shortly or said nothing when

the usual dressing room crowd hanted him while the handlers wound the tapes and laced his trunks and prepared the gloves. Outside he could hear a solid thunder of sound from the crowds.

An usher stuck his head in. "McCarthy took Gaines in the fourth with a clean knockout," he said. "That means you're next."

A ROAR went up as Paul climbed into the ring. He waved and forced himself to smile at three old friends and boosters. He wondered if they had come, knowing he would fight a losing fight. Or did they honestly think he might take the champ?

He had sent Sue a ringide seat. He looked down now and saw the seat and the one adjoining it were still empty. His lips twisted bitterly.

Then he was in the center, shaking hands with the lean, tapersharp figure of the Champ. The Champ grinned around his mouthpiece. "I won't mangle you, kid. Don't worry."

The bell rang. Paul came out of his corner with the old fire and fury. He met the Champ in the center of the ring and their gloves smacked and thudded in a break exchange that did little damage. The crowds howled. This was the Paul they paid to see. No stalling, no fancy-dancing but good, honest, solid fighting. Win or lose, Paul fought a good fight.

The first round was mostly sparring. The second round Paul got through and landed a stinger to the Champ's cheek. He saw a bewildered anger come into the man's eyes. Suddenly the Champ was on him in a furious, slashing, battering blaze of action. Paul had to give ground. The gloves came from everywhere, rocking him, jarring him, hurting him. He went into a clinch and used the brief respite to set himself. There was no more sparring. He had pulled the wraps off his fight and from now on it was all fight.

Rounds three and four were tough. He knew, now, that the Champ was good, plenty good. He began to estimate how long he might last. Maybe three more rounds if he gritted his teeth. He was taking brutal, slugging punishment. The fans were wild.

Then, as he staggered to his corner at the fourth bell, his eyes fell on the front row. He saw Sue in her seat now, waving and cheering. And he saw that the empty seat beside her was now filled.

HE LOOKED and rubbed his eyes and thought for a moment he had gone punchy from the Champ's blows. For in that adjoining seat sat a grinning, lanky blond kid in weathered uniform.

"Mac!" Paul cried wildly and he saw the grinning mouth open, heard the faint shout in the old familiar, stirring voice. "If it's worth fighting it's worth winning. Get in there, kid."

But Mac was dead, sleeping in the seat. . .

The bell clanged. Paul came out of his corner and there was a new fury in his movements. The Champ saw his eyes and his gloves faltered. Paul's fist came up out of nowhere and thudded solidly. Somewhere, a hundred miles away, a voice was shouting. "Eight! Nine! TEN! And the new champion is Paul Mason!"

The ring was full of people, pounding his back, shouting his name. Then Sue was there, and Mac—only he saw now that it wasn't Mac, after all. Just someone who looked like Mac.

"Mac's brother," Sue was shouting. "I hunted and hunted and found him. I thought he could do what Mac might have done."

The two men ginned at each other. Mac's kid brother stuck out his hand. "Howdy, Champ. Mac wrote me, long ago, that you'd be champ someday."

The End



CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES
PRESENTS A THRILLING NEW SERIAL

THE CULT OF THE CURSE

STARRING

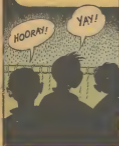
Captain **MARVEL**

CHAPTER I

"THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL"

VERSUS

"THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST IMMORTAL"



CAST OF CHARACTERS



OLAF JENSEN—WHO OWNS A MOUNTAIN AND TRIES TO COLLECT RENT WHEN A TEMPLE IS BUILT THERE!



DAGAR—A MYSTICUS BEING FROM ANCIENT EGYPT WHOSE MAGIC POWERS MAKE HIM THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST IMMORTAL!



BILLY BATSON—BOY NEWSCASTER OF STATION WHIZ, WHO TRIES TO HELP OLAF COLLECT HIS RENT!



CAPT. MARVEL—THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL AND THE CHAMPION OF CIVILIZATION!

IN THE HEART OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS FAR FROM THE CENTER OF CIVILIZATION AN OLD RESPECTABLE CONTRACTOR BY THE NAME OF CLAY JENSEN WAS SEARCHING FOR HIS LUCK

"IN A LONGER STRIKE WOULD SOME OF YOU BE AS MY NAME IS CLAY JENSEN!"



"BUT SOMEBODY THERE AINT ANY HERE! I BEEN BRAGGING MY BACK FOR TWENTY YEARS AN NEVER HIT IT RICH!"



BUT ANYWAYS ONE THING I CAN BE PROUD OF IS THAT I OWN THIS WHOLE MOUNTAIN! YEP, I BOUGHT THIS TRACT OF LAND REAL CHEAP A FEW YEARS AGO AN THE MOUNTAIN WAS ON IT!



SUDDENLY CLAY JENSEN HE STARTED TO SEE SOMETHING AT THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN!



"HEY! WHAT IN BLAZES IS THAT THERE BUILDING AT THE TOP? IT WASNT THERE LAST MONTH!"

"IF ONLY IF SOMEBODY WANT AN HALF A BUILDING UP THERE IN A LONGER COLLECT BENT! I OWN THE WHOLE MOUNTAIN, I DO!"



"OPEN UP HERE! OPEN UP! YA CLAY JENSEN TO OWNER OF THE MOUNTAIN! OPEN UP! I WANT MY MONEY!"



"GO AWAY! IM TOO BUSY TO SEE YOU!"

"TOO BUSY TO SEE ME? LISTEN, ILL SEE YOU! I OWN THE MOUNTAIN AN I CAN HAVE YOU ARRESTED FOR BUILDING HERE!"



"YOU OWN THE MOUNTAIN? WHAT PROOF HAVE YOU?"





AT STATION WERE LAINE, PUFFY BRONX, FINE BOY NEWSWITER
 JUST FINISHED A BROADCAST ON CLAP ARRIVED

"THAT'S ALL FOR NOW FOLKS SO LONG!"

"I WANT TO SEE
 PUFFY BRONX!"

"WELL, HE'S
 RIGHT
 OUT!"

CLAP TELLS SHE'S GOING TO FEEL.

"... THE THAT'S WHY I
 NEED CAPT. MARVEL--
 HALF!"

"HMM! IT ALL SOUNDS ARTIFICI-
 EN--GROSS! YOU'RE SURE
 YOU DON'T--EE--
 IMAGINE ALL
 THIS?"

"COME ALONG! I'LL PROVE IT
 TO YOU! THEN YOU CAN TELL
 CAPT. MARVEL, AND GET
 HIM TO HELP ME!"

"WELL, ALL RIGHT
 I'LL GO."

LATER, BACK AT THE MOUNTAIN.

"GORTA GO ON
 FOOT FROM
 HERE UP!"

"BUT THERE IS
 A BUILDING
 OF TREES!"

"KEEP THE PLACE!
 OPEN UP! I
 WANT MY REB!"

"WHY THE DEUCE
 LOOK AN OLD
 SOGYTHAN
 THING!"

"WORM! ARE YOU
 BACK AGAIN? I
 TOLD YOU TO STAY
 OUT!"

"SEE WHAT I
 MEAN, BUST?"

"LOOK HERE, MASTER! YOU HAVE NO
 RIGHT TO KICK CLAP--OR
 ANY MAN--LIKE THAT!"

"IS
 THAT
 SO?"

"HAVE A TASTE OF
 OURS! THE MASTER'S
 FOOT YOURSELF
 INST!"

"HEY, MOLDY!
 I'VE BEEN HOLDING
 BACK, BUT NOW I'VE
 GOTTEN ME ALL THE
 BRANCH IN THE WORLD
 TO TRY--SHAZAM!"

AN EGYPTIAN CALLED OUT THE NAME OF THE WISE OLD
SORCERER WIZARD MAGIC LIGHTNING BLAZES DOWN
SHAKING THE WHOLE MOUNTAIN!



AND FORTUNATELY CAPT MARVEL APPEARS!

JOY! HA! YOU WISHED A DEFENSELESS OLD
MAN AND A BOY! BUT I JUST DARE YOU
TO KICK ME! GO AHEAD!



ANOTHER FOOL WHO
TRIED TO FIGHT ME WITH PLUCK!



WHAT? YOU
DON'T
KNOW?

GOT STUNG,
DIDN'T YOU!



AND NOW MISTER, I'LL PUT AN END
TO THIS COMEDY—LOOK THIS!



BE IT IN CAPT MARVEL'S TURN TO BE ASTONISHED!

WHAT—? I
DON'T YOU FEEL
THAT?

FEEL WHAT?
YOU ARE
AHH! I AM
CALLED THE
WORLD'S
MIGHTIEST
IMMORTAL!



WORLD'S MIGHTIEST IMMORTAL? ARE
YOU MOCKING ME? THEY CALL ME
THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST
MORTAL!

AH!



STEADFAST OF ALL, OGGIE NOW FEELS GLAD
TO MEET CAPT MARVEL!

THEN YOU SEE THE ONE I'VE BEEN
SEEKING! THE BOY WHO THE
WIZARD SHAZAM, ESCORTED AND
CHANGED INTO YOU CAPT MARVEL!
IT IS YOU THAT HAVE WITHIN YOU
ALL THE POWERS AND STRENGTH OF
SOLOMON HERCULES ATLAS
JUPITER ACHELES AND RESUR!
OLD WIZARD, THE EGYPTIAN
WIZARD SAID YOU THAT
MAGIC GIFT!





AND LIGHTNING AGAIN LEAP FROM THE FINGER-TIPS OF THE MYSTERIOUS ORACLE... AND CAPT MARVEL WAITERS!



ONCE MORE MAGIC LIGHTNING SENDS CAPTAIN MARVEL!



AND THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL CHARGES THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST UNMORTAL!



BUT ORACLE ARISES FROM THE BLOW THAT WOULD HAVE KILLED A DOZEN MEN!



CAPTAIN MARVEL



AND THEN, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL AND THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST IMMORTAL ANGELY CHARGE AT EACH OTHER, AS THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST FIGHT CONTINUES!



WHAT IS THE RESULT? WHO HAS WON, IN THE BRUTAL SHAKING COLLISION OF THE TWO MIGHTIEST BODIES IN THE WORLD?

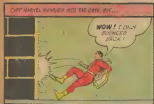
HOLY HOLY!
IT'S A DRAW!

Okay Round Two!

NO! IT IS REMISS! WE ARE BRIBELY WATCHED! I MUST RETURN TO MY TEMPLE AND THINK THIS ALL OVER! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO DEFEAT YOU, CAPT MARVEL!

CONFUSED YOU! YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN WARNED TO ATONE!







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I'M
BATTY ABOUT
DUBBLE BUBBLE
...IT'S THE
BEST TASTING,
CHEWIEST
GUM!

C'MON
SKINNY, RAP
OUT A HOME
RUN!

A LITTLE BIRD
TOLD ME—FLEER'S
CANDY COATED
GUM IS GOOD,
TOO.

I'M
FOREVER
BLOWING
BUBBLES

THAT'S 'CAUSE BUBBLES
ARE SO EASY TO MAKE
WITH DUBBLE BUBBLE

RAP?
THAT REMINDS
ME... EVERY PIECE
OF DUBBLE BUBBLE
IS WRAPPED IN
A SHEET OF
FUNNIES

CATCH
IT!

AW, HE
COULDN'T CATCH
A COLD!



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